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Who Wants a Hole-in-the-Wall?

By Edith Graham et al

EFFICIENCY. Today this powerful little word has become the slogan for everything, be it an egg beater, a clothes brush or an electric switch. One of the latest initiates into this society of order and utility is the clothes closet.

Do you own an efficient clothes closet or a hole-in-the-wall inconvenience? Do you grope in a dark interior to find a hook which will bear up under one more hanger, the while you balance precariously among a sea of shoes, galoshes and articles "fallen from grace?" Do you grieve to find the new sweater "poked out" in the shoulders from long hanging on some closet hook? Do your hats hobnob with your

powder puff and your shoes peer accusingly from beneath the bed? If you are guilty of any of these sins . . . now is the time and here are the means of reform. No girl need envy her neighbor's "dukey" closet when with a little ingenuity, time and moderate expense she may have one of her own.

The ideal closet will receive clothes with the minimum outlay of effort and time on the part of the donor, and will hold them in tip-top condition until that person is ready to remove them. It will lengthen the life of garments, improve their looks while they last and save pressing bills.

One is at times handicapped by the adoption of a poorly located closet along with an otherwise satisfactory house. Like the mumps, there is nothing much one can do about it. Ideally, the closet should be either on an outside wall with a small openable window cut for ventilation, or should possess ceiling and floor ventilators for hygienic airing of the clothes. It should be situated near the part of the bedroom used for dressing, but should have the door so hung as not to interfere with that function. The closet floor should be several inches higher than the floor of the bedroom (else even the "efficient" housekeeper might be tempted to dispose of dust behind a row of dresses). Whether or not there be a window, a brilliant electric light in a closet is essential, and she will

be a wise woman who plans this feature as a ceiling fixture and thus avoids bumped heads and broken filaments. It has been estimated that such a light per month would hardly equal the cost of one newspaper. It is worth it, is it not?



Because wall-hooks are fast giving way to garment-hangers (poles extended from end to end of the closet), closets may now be much smaller than yesterday, and the space then occupied by Madame's body as she poked among the clothes on the hooks is now filled by her dresses, neatly and scientifically hung and all in plain sight. The hanger pole is best if placed at least five feet six inches from

the walls which run parallel to it. If the closet is small, space will be saved by installing an extending pole rather than a fixed one. There are a number of such poles on the market. One pole slides out and is similar to those found in clothing shops. Another type is extensible and folds in and out, holding 16 hangers.

Closet shelves may be either a curse or a blessing. If yours are of the blessed variety they will be so placed that even the five-footer can reach to the back of them. If extending over the clothes rack, they will be no more than a foot wide and will clear the pole by at least two inches, so that the hangers may be easily arranged on the rod. With a little ingenuity and perhaps the help of the man-of-the-family, sections of the shelf may be subdivided or even shut in by little doors and a clever place made for the mending basket, cleaning solution, hosiery, soiled clothes, or what you will.

Hangers now cry for attention. Don't skimp yourself; you can hardly have too many. No act is quite so inefficient as that of hanging five dresses on one hanger or draping a skirt over a coat hanger. Best have them smooth with round edges and wide enough to avoid unsightly impressions on shoulder lines. It is wise to pad them for flimsy or heavy garments if one would keep these articles in the best of condition.

Clothes which are delicate, easily soiled or infrequently worn should be kept in

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fall is now a peppy little sophomore is bought or made out of cretonne, percale, linen, sateen, gingham or glazed chintz. Glazed tarlatan (Argentine cloth) of the transparent variety may be secured and fastened to the wire frame of the top, which may be found at any notion counter. Bias binding on the closed edges and a strip of the prevalent "zipper" fastening will then complete a bag anyone would be proud of. The openings of these covers will be found most convenient if placed at the side, rather than at the top or front-center. It is desirable to have all covers long and without bottoms to avoid wrinkling of the hem lines of garments.

Shoes are a problem, but no trouble is too great if one can thereby avoid the necessity of carpeting the closet floor with them. Gay cases with a pocket for each shoe will often use up that extra material from the dress cover. A shelf nine inches wide and twelve inches above the floor will keep shoes out of the dust. A shelf attached to the wall and slanting downward with a cleat (for the heels of shoes) three inches from the edge, will prove very convenient.

It is wise to have a shoe tree for each shoe. They should be of such size and shape that they will hold shoes in shape but not stretch or draw them. For delicate slippers it is well to make velvet slipper toes and keep the slippers in cloth bags.

"She slung her hat into the drawer." Why? Because she had no trim row of gayly painted hat stands within convenient reach on her closet shelf. These stands should be high enough to hold the hat entirely above the supporting surface, with the top rounded and large enough to give good support to the crown

of the hat. If hats are to be kept on open shelves, one may either set the hats and hat stands into hat boxes, or place attractive covers of Argentine cloth or transparent celophane over them to keep out the dust.

"Chicago—Hog Butcher"

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the glass partition the Jack-Holtish-looking man in the next room who was interviewing men and hiring them. He appeared at the door. The conversational buzz became somewhat subdued. Backs were stiffened. Handkerchiefs twirled. He entered the room and walked slowly down the aisles between the pews, looking intently at first one applicant and then another. He paused and pointing a fixed finger at a tiny miss in a poke bonnet, asked her some questions in tones so low that only she could understand. She answered, fluttering. He walked on, pausing and pointing. Then he came to the back row and me. The long finger came out and low tones, "Where have you worked?" "Candy factory," I said, and he went back to the front of the room. Stopping, his long fingers stroking his chin, he looked in a sad way at the floor and muttered, "That's all for today," and walked into the office.

It was nine o'clock.

* * *

The sweat poured down my face and ran down my neck and back, streaking the white collar of my blue uniform with a black miniature river. I reached a grimy hand into my pocket and pulled forth a paper towel (to avert the catastrophe of having a black, black handkerchief) and mopped my brow and pinned up a truant tail of hair.

My "pull," twelve frankfurter casings made of glycerine and cotton, which came from the dryer, had not arrived. I was at liberty to perch on a stool and hook my feet over its kind rounds; to wind up my bad casings, which were too narrow, or to slice up rubber tubing in one-eighth inch sections and put them on the end of a stick, called a dowel.

A torrid breath of air exhaled from the dryers and sifted in thru the factory windows. I looked at the blackness of my hands and noted with interest the condition of the callouses and blisters. The bandages were slipping. When working on the mandrel (that's what I did) the fore-finger and thumb are bound first with unbleached muslin and then wrapped firmly with casing and tied. The casing had worn off.

"Scissors!" The girl from the dryer whacked off the wet ends of the 12 casings and I left the comfort of the stool. Wiping off my mandrel, an iron rod about two feet long, upon which I shoved fifteen feet of sausage casing, I commenced the job of shoving with the casing bandaged fingers. I transferred the shoved casing to the wooden dowel and put a piece of rubber on the end. My left foot commenced to burn with fire. I shifted to my right—and was thankful for the right to shift to.

And we worked . . . Chicago and I. The "hog butcher of the world" and one of its laborers . . . shoving sausage casings on two-foot rods.

The House With White Pillars

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garment bags. Attractive bags may be that some girls from that 'building with the white pillars' decided it was their job to keep folks from staying lonesome. Some of the girls from there even call every day on folks who are sick in the hospital so they won't get blue.

"Girls meet some of the nicest fellows over there! And they don't let the opportunity pass, either, because they learn in Charm School how to make themselves attractive.

"And of all the hilarious sounds that come from the building sometimes! One would think the whole college was having a good time in there. But usually it's a big crowd of girls getting ready to go out on a house party.

"I can't remember all the thinks folks do there. There are ever so many more just as interesting. But here is one thing—a girl always comes out of the door with a smile on her face and a spring in her step. Why, you see, that's the Y. W. C. A. building."

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